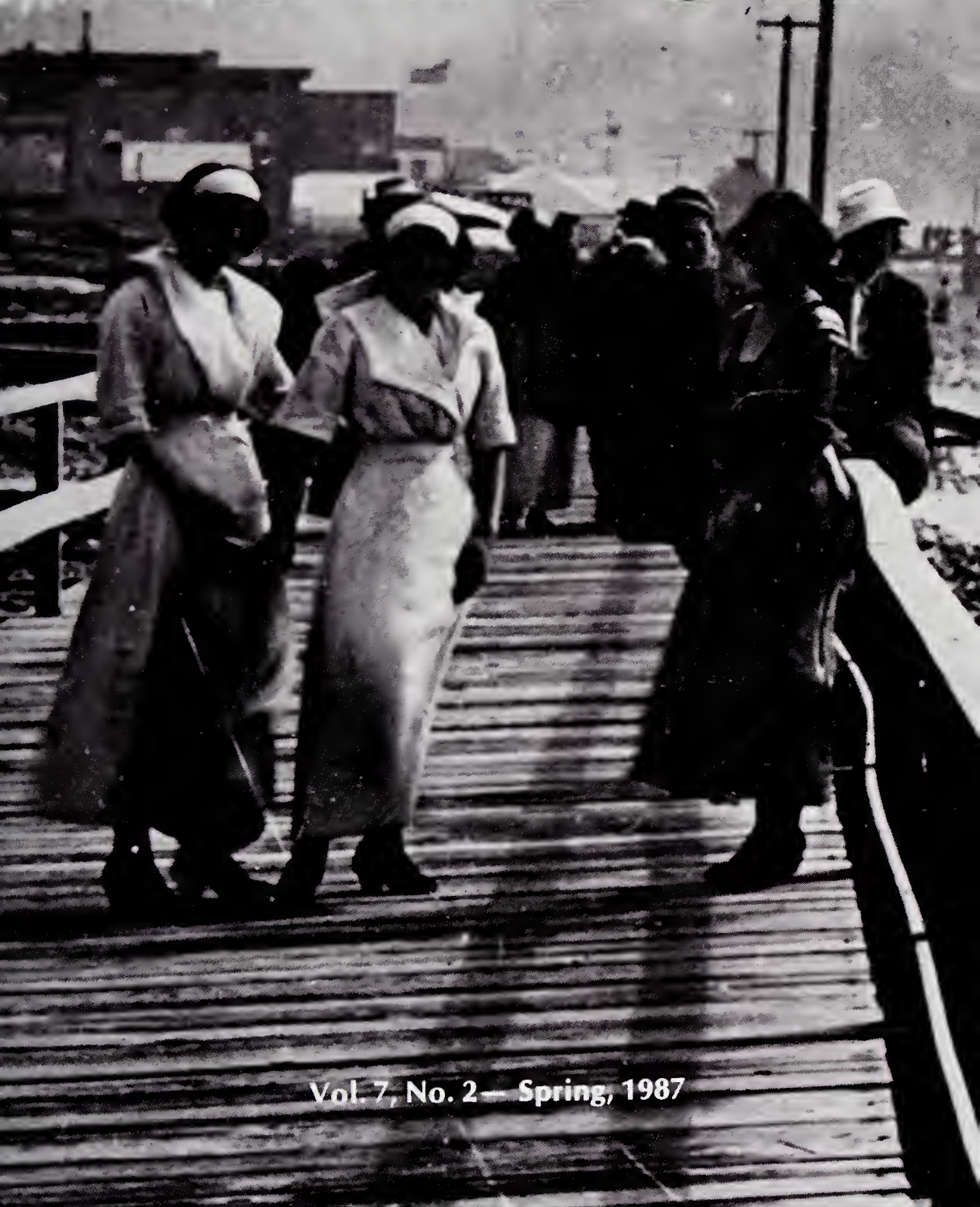


CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

CUMTUX



Vol. 7, No. 2 — Spring, 1987

The discovery of the cannon

Mailcarrier Luce carried mail between Nehalem and Cannon Beach in 1898. One day, January 28th of that year, while on his regular route he saw a funny substance in the creek on the beach in front of the Austin cottage. It appeared to be a strange rock but upon investigation proved to be one of the old, brass cannons imbedded in the sandy bottom of the creek. It seems that years before John Hobson and Ninian Eberman on the trail to Tillamook had seen a cannon in a small stream and later were unable to find the exact place or perhaps the sand had shifted and covered it again. Mrs. Austin's husband, recently deceased at the time of discovery, had spent considerable money trying to locate the cannon from Hobson's description but to no avail. Old timers always believed it came off the brig-of-war *Shark*. Though underwater some fifty years it was still in good condition and was mounted facing out over the ocean that had carried it ashore.



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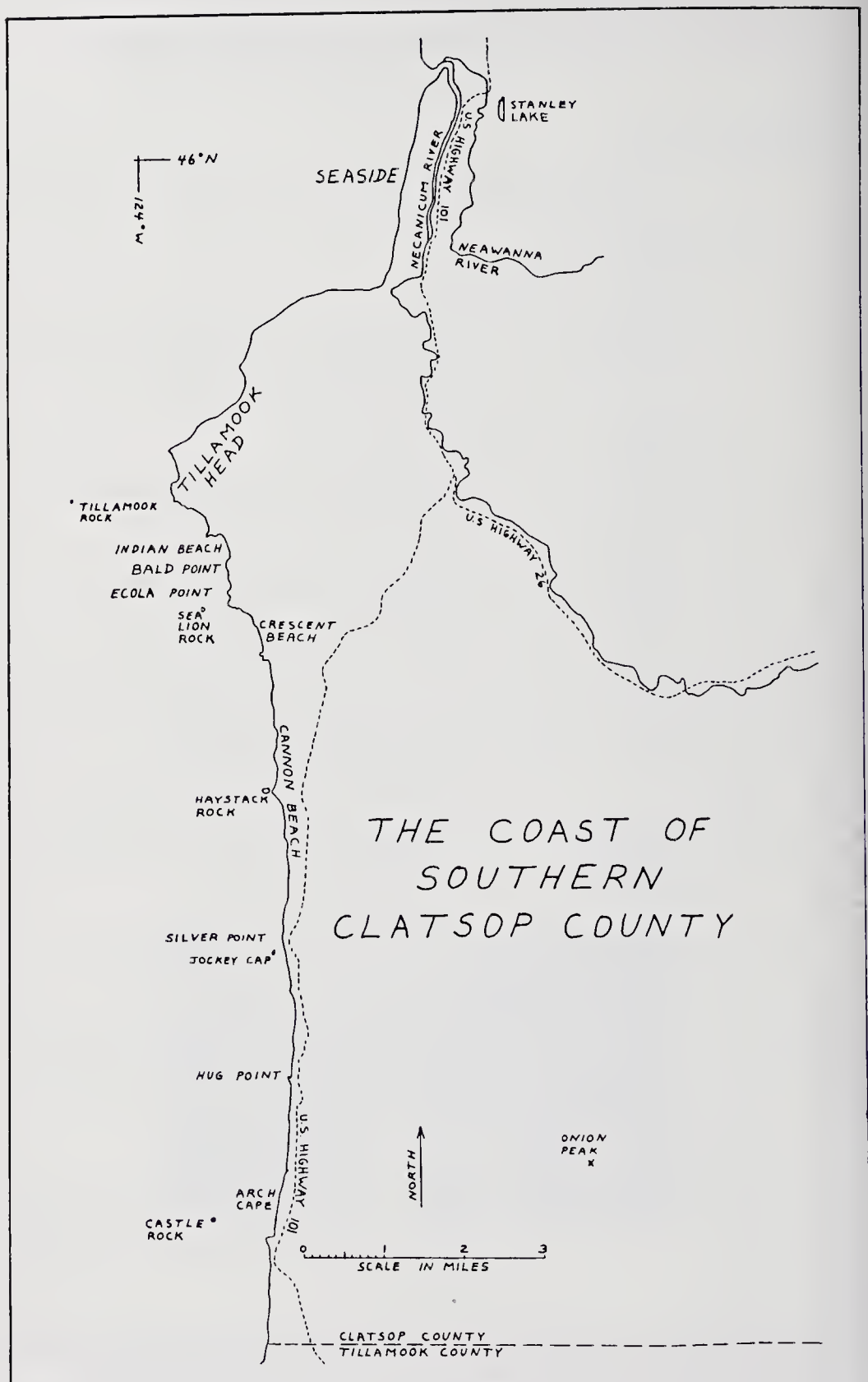
35 THE BRALLIER FAMILY

Descendants of this sturdy, pioneer family still reside in Clatsop County

COVER: The old board walk at Seaside before 1921 was the favorite with strollers, in Sunday best, walking north toward Moore Hotel and the Pacific pier extending out beyond the breakers. (Photo courtesy of The Oregon Historical Society, neg. number ORHI 24019-Cropped.)

PHOTOGRAPH ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: Geology Figures - Courtesy of Dr. Robert Carson; Cullaby story - Courtesy of CCHS Collection; Indian Trails - Courtesy of CCHS Collection; Seaside beach scenes - Hankel Collection; Brallier Photo - Courtesy Astor Library Collection.

CUMTUX: Chinook jargon:
"To know . . . acknowledge . . . to inform."



Creation of our scenic wonders

Robert J. Carson

Department of Geology, Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington

THE BEAUTY, HUMAN HISTORY, and economy of the Oregon coast are largely dependent on the geologic history of the Pacific Northwest. Fissures as far away as Idaho erupted basalt which flowed west to the ocean and today make such scenic landforms as Saddle Mountain, Tillamook Head, and Haystack Rock. When the glaciers covering Canada and Scandanavia melted, sea level rose to create the harbors near Astoria. The Columbia River is a transportation link between the Rockies and the Pacific, and carried much of the sand which makes up the Clatsop Plains.

Much has been written on the geology of northwestern United States. In addition to the references cited in this paper, there are two other geologic works of which the reader should be aware. In 1972 McKee wrote a book on the geologic evolution of the Pacific Northwest. The best geologic map of Clatsop County is by Alan and Wendy Niem (1985).

Although the age of the Earth is approximately 4.6 billion years, the oldest rocks in coastal Clatsop County are only about 20 million years old (Figure 1). For tens of millions of years Clatsop County was part of the ocean bottom. Onto the sea floor fell a rain of sediment and organisms (now sedimentary rock and fossils), interrupted by occasional volcanism.

There are three main types of earth materials along the coast of southern Clatsop County: basalt (an igneous rock, formed when magma cooled and crystallized), sedimentary rocks (in this area sandstone, siltstone, and shale which used to be sand and mud), and surficial deposits. The surficial sediments are the youngest, and include soils, colluvium, and the deposits of wind, waves, and streams. Colluvium is any material which has undergone mass wasting, a term which will be explained later.

From about 20 million to about 10 million years ago sediments were accumulating in northwestern Oregon, which at that time was part of the sea floor. Compaction and cementation turned these marine clays, silts, and sands into the shales, siltstones, and sandstones of the Astoria Formation. The microfossils and megafossils within these sedimentary rocks indicate that they are Miocene in age (Baldwin, 1981).

Starting about 16.5 million years ago, huge volumes of basaltic magma began pouring out of long fissures in northeastern Oregon, southeastern Washington, and adjacent Idaho (Swanson and Wright, 1978). These lavas are known as the Columbia River basalt. The volumes and velocities of the lava flows were so great that they are known as flood basalts. Studies, including radiometric dating of individual lava flows, indicate that 99% of the huge volume of basalt had been erupted by 14 million years ago, but that infrequent eruptions

Dr. Carson has thoughtfully furnished references for the Cumtux reader that would like additional information on our coastal geological past. (See conclusion of this article.)

LOGARITHMIC GEOLOGIC TIME SCALE

GEOLOGIC TIME UNITS			YEARS AGO	GEOLOGIC AND HISTORIC EVENTS
CENOZOIC	QUATERNARY	HOLOCENE	10	Mt. St. Helens erupted landslides at Ecola State Park tsunami at Seaside and Cannon Beach construction of Bonneville Dam
			100	Lewis and Clark camp on Clatsop Plains Columbus discovers America
			1000	sea level rises to near present height
			10,000	end of the last glaciation catastrophic floods from Montana to Astoria sea level about 400 feet below present
		PLEISTOCENE	100,000	beginning of the last glaciation maximum warmth of last interglaciation
			1,000,000	
			2,000,000	beginning of the Ice Ages
			5,000,000	
			10,000,000	extrusion of the Columbia River basalts deposition of the Astoria Formation
			24,000,000	oldest rocks in Clatsop County extinction of the dinosaurs
MESOZOIC		66,000,000	oldest rocks in Clatsop County extinction of the dinosaurs	
PALEOZOIC		100,000,000		
PRE-CAMBRIAN		245,000,000	oldest rocks in Oregon	
		570,000,000		
		1,000,000,000		
			4,600,000,000	origin of the Earth and our solar system

Figure 1. Geologic time on a logarithmic scale. This time scale compresses the great bulk of geologic time and emphasizes the late Cenozoic, the time most important to the development of rocks and landforms in northwestern Oregon.

occurred until 6 million years ago (Swanson and Wright, 1978).

These basaltic lava flows are not limited to the Columbia Plateau east of the Cascades. Some flows travelled more or less along the Oregon-Washington border and reached the Pacific Ocean to encounter the sediments of the Astoria Formation. The dense basalt flows overlapped, invaded, and deformed the soft wet sediments in deltas and estuaries (Beeson and others, 1979). In Clatsop County there is an intimate relationship between the Columbia River basalts and the sedimentary rocks of the Astoria Formation.

Off the coast of Oregon and Washington lies the Juan de Fuca Ridge. The floor of the Pacific Ocean is moving east and west from this ridge at approximately one inch per year. The eastward moving ocean crust has been colliding with the North American continent for millions of years, and one result was the uplift of the sedimentary rocks and basalts to form the Oregon Coast Range.

Before continuing with the geology of the Oregon coast from Seaside to Arch Cape, I'd like to explain some geologic terminology. Weathering, including chemical decomposition and mechanical

disintegration, is the reaction of rocks to air, water, and organisms. During chemical weathering, some minerals are replaced by others (by oxidation, for example). Physical weathering includes the breaking apart of rocks by frost action. Weathering may turn rock into fertile soil, but it also weakens rocks, preparing the way for erosion and mass wasting. Weathering of the basalts and sedimentary rocks in southwestern Clatsop County and elsewhere makes them more susceptible to landsliding and less resistant to attack by raindrops, running water, and waves.

Mass wasting is the downslope transport of material by gravity. Mass wasting ranges from slow creep on gentle slopes to large, fast landslides. The term "landslide" includes flow of material, such as mud, and slip of rocks. Often newspapers use the term mudslide, but mud doesn't usually slide, it flows. Landslides are more common where rocks are weak, slopes are steep, and water is abundant. The shales of the Astoria Formation are very weak; streams, waves, and highway cuts have provided steep slopes; and western Oregon is known for high precipitation. So we should expect landslide movement in coastal Clatsop County when we

Figure 2. Cross-section of a slump/earth-flow showing typical association of slumping and flowage (from Sharpe, 1938.)

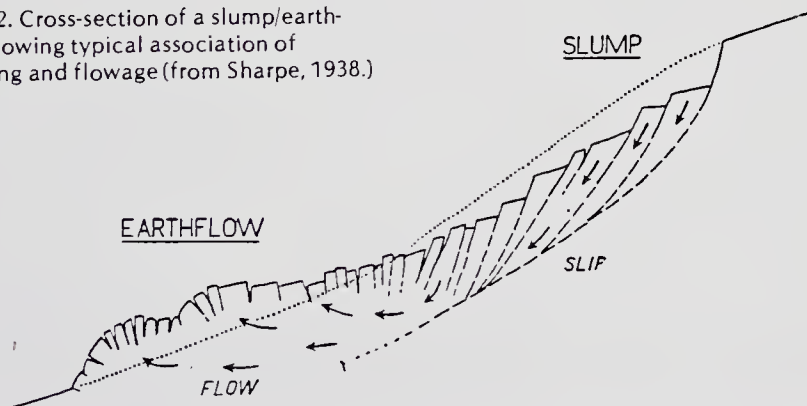




Figure 3. View northeast of slump/earthflow near Arch Cape. The photograph was taken about a year after the landslide moved in the winter of 1974. The failure occurred in weak sedimentary rocks of the Astoria Formation. The highway department removed the tow of the earthflow and stabilized it with horizontal drains.

get a month or two of abnormally high rainfall (*Carson and Hankel, 1975*).

The most common type of mass wasting on the Oregon Coast is the slump/earthflow (*Figure 2*). Water builds up in impermeable rocks such as shale until the frictional forces holding the hillside together are exceeded by the gravitational forces pulling the rock mass down slope. The landslide mass fails along a slip plane, and the slump is initiated. Usually the sliding motion causes the landslide material to lose coherence so that it can flow, and the earthflow occurs.

A textbook example of a slump/earthflow occurred on the east side of U.S. Highway 101 near Arch Cape in 1950 and again in 1974 (*Figure 3*). One way to reduce movement of a landslide is to lower the internal water content; at Arch Cape this was accomplished by

installing horizontal drains. In 1972 there was a slump in the sandstone at Silver Point (*Schlicker and others, 1972*).

One of the most impressive areas of landsliding in the Pacific Northwest exists in Ecola State Park on the south side of Tillamook Head. Waves attacking the coast remove lateral support for the mixture of basalt and sedimentary rocks there. During February of 1961 about 125 acres of mostly earth and siltstone dropped as much as 40 feet and moved westward as much as 100 feet (*Schlicker and others, 1961*). The slump/earthflow moved as fast as 3 feet per day, destroying the parking lot and picnic area (*Figure 4*). North of the parking area, in the Bald Point - Indian Beach area, slope failure by slumping occurred in 1972 (*Schlicker and others, 1972*). Just to the south of the parking lot, at the north end of Crescent Beach, land-

sliding in February 1974 and again in January 1975 severed the park road (Carson and Hankel, 1975.)

More information on the landslides of the northern Oregon coast can be found in an article by North and Byrne (1965).

Erosion, transportation, and deposition take place by means of an agent such as running water (streams), waves, wind, or glacier ice. Worldwide, running water is the chief creator of landforms, but from Seaside to Arch Cape, the effects of wave action are more obvious. The Clatsop Plains (*Figure 5*), which stretch from the mouth of the Columbia River to Seaside, are a result of the combined action of running water, waves, and wind. The Columbia River and smaller streams transport sediment to the coast. Finer sediment (silt and clay) settles in quiet estuaries (like Youngs and Nehalem Bays) and offshore. Sand is transported along the shore by

currents and waves, and sand from the beach is blown inland to form dunes. Cooper (1958) studied the dunes of the Clatsop Plains, and noted that "certain features of the locality are so striking that they attracted the attention of the earliest visitors", including Lewis and Clark, and the famous geologist J.D. Dana. In Seaside (*Figure 6*), water bodies are located in depressions which alternate with north-south trending dune ridges. From the Pacific Ocean to the Coast Range are: modern foredune, Necanicum River, old old dune ridge, Neawanna Creek, older dune ridge, and Stanley Lake. The streams must cross the dune ridges in order to flow from the mountains to the ocean. However, a small creek may be blocked by a dune ridge, resulting in the formation of a lake in the interdune depression. The water in Stanley Lake, and in Cullaby and Sunset Lakes farther

Figure 4. Aerial view looking west at Ecola State Park. The large slump/earthflow occurred in the winter of 1961. It is more than ½ mile from the headwall scarp in the background to the beach in the foreground. The surface dropped about 40 feet at the head of the slump, and horizontal movement was nearly 100 feet (Schlicker and others, 1961). Waves eroded the toe of the earthflow.





Figure 5. Aerial view looking south from over the beach near Sunset Lake. In the left foreground are the Clatsop Plains, with dune ridges inland from the beach and surf. Near the south end of the Clatsop Plains can be seen the mouth of the Necanicum River at Seaside. Most of the land visible south of the Clatsop Plains is composed of resistant basalt. The highest mountain is Onion Peak (3064'). On the right is Tillamook Head, a sea cliff extending more than 1200' above the Pacific Ocean.

Figure 6. Aerial view looking east toward Saddle Mountain. This basaltic peak is the highest (3283') in Clatsop County. From west to east in the foreground are surf, the beach, the modern dune ridge and sand spits, the Necanicum River (entering from the right), Seaside (on an old dune ridge), Neawanna Creek (curving at the left edge of the photograph), Bear Valley, and the western slopes of the Oregon Coast Range.



north, slowly seeps through the permeable sand.

Most of a stream's work of erosion, transportation, and deposition takes place during floods. With 80 or more inches of precipitation falling in Clatsop County, floods are to be expected. The rain may be augmented by snowmelt; most of the floods occur in winter. A flood plain is a relatively low flat area adjacent to a river. Flood plains are so named because they are for floods; man obtrudes there at his own risk. During high discharge a stream overflows its banks and inundates its floodplain, including structures built there. Strong onshore winds and/or high tides contribute to flooding along the lower reaches of coastal rivers. The two highest recent floods in Clatsop County occurred in December 1964/January 1965, and in January 1972. Most of the damage was not to coastal areas, but in 1965 the "Necanicum River overflowed its banks in numerous places, deposited silt and logs, formed new channels, and forced the evacuation of a house-trailer court north of the Cannon Beach highway junction (Schlicker and others, 1972)."

Waves are the main sculptor of coastal landforms. To get an idea of how powerful storm waves can be, imagine being in the lighthouse on

Tillamook Rock, more than a mile west of Tillamook Head. According to Schlicker and others (1961), "waves have more than once broken the plate glass of the light 132 feet above sea level."

In general, igneous rocks are more resistant to erosion and mass wasting than are sedimentary rocks. Sedimentary rocks are likely to fail by stream erosion, wave erosion, and landslides, whereas basalts survive to form mountains and sea cliffs. Of the sedimentary rocks in the Astoria Formation, sandstone is stronger than siltstone and shale. Within the Yakima basalts there are differences in susceptibility to erosion, mass wasting, and weathering based on mineral and chemical composition, grain size, and fractures. A basalt flow may yield a sea cave where waves attack closely-spaced fractures, but a sea stack will remain where less resistant rock around it has been removed (Figure 7).

Lund (1972) described the coastal landforms between Tillamook Bay and the Columbia River. Tillamook Head (Figure 5) is an excellent example of sea cliffs cut by waves trying to erode resistant basalts. Tillamook Rock and Sea Lion Rock are basalt sea stacks. Sea Lion Rock contains a sea arch, an opening caused by the meeting of two sea caves eroded through the stack by

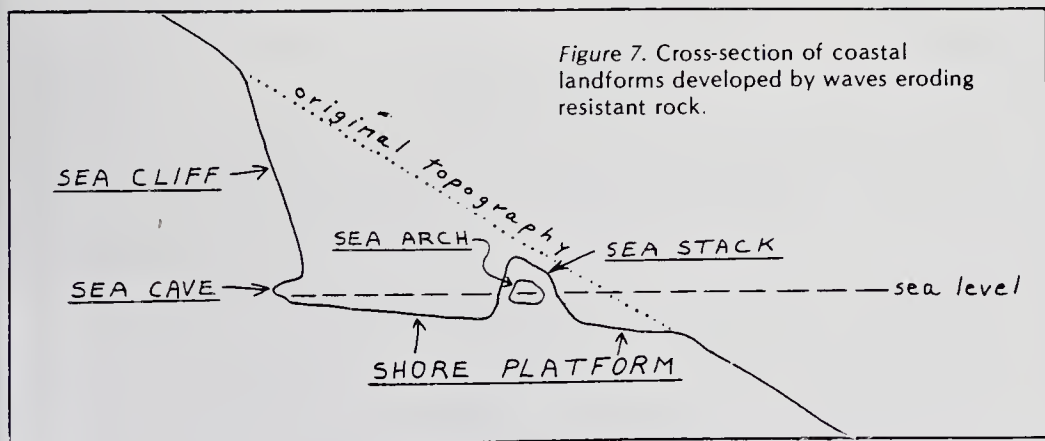




Figure 8. View from Ecola Point west to Sea Lion Rock, a basaltic sea stack. A breaking wave is visible through the arch.

Figure 9. Aerial view looking northeast at Haystack Rock and adjacent sea stacks, all composed mostly of resistant basalt. The decrease in wave energy behind Haystack Rock causes Cannon Beach to be wider there.



waves (*Figure 8*). Haystack Rock is a textbook example of a sea stack; most of Haystack Rock and the adjacent smaller stacks are composed of basalt, but there is sedimentary rock at the base of Haystack Rock (*Figure 9*). Good examples of sea caves are found at Hug Point, where there is a mixture of basalt and sedimentary rocks; most of the caves are in sedimentary rock (*Figure 10*). Small shore platforms or wave-cut benches exist on the southern Clatsop County coast (one is located at Ecola State Park), but more prominent platforms exist farther south along the Oregon and California coasts.

Beaches are built by wave deposition. Most beaches, such as Cannon Beach (*Figure 9*) and the long beaches that stretch north from Seaside (*Figures 5 and 6*), are composed of sand. However, near sea cliffs, the beach sediment may be cobbles or boulders. Indian Beach contains shingle (disc-shaped cob-

bles) eroded by waves from nearby cliffs of sedimentary rocks. The basaltic boulders on the south end of the Seaside beach may be derived from Tillamook Head.

Although glaciers once existed in the Olympic Mountains, Puget Lowland, Cascades, Klamath Mountains, and perhaps even the highest peaks of the Oregon Coast Range (*Baldwin, 1974*), none reached coastal Clatsop County. However, the indirect effects of the Ice Ages upon Clatsop County were significant in two ways.

The Pleistocene Ice Ages began about 2 million years ago, and are divided into glaciations and interglaciations. During glaciations, about 30% of the land area of the Earth is covered by ice; the source of the water in the ice is the sea, so sea level is much lower than present. During an interglaciation, only about 10% of the Earth is covered by ice (mostly in Antarctica and Greenland); sea level is at about today's height.

Figure 10. View west out of a sea cave at Hug Point.



There were at least four major glaciations in North America. During the peak of the last or Wisconsin Glaciation, about 20,000 years ago, sea level was about 400 feet lower, so Clatsop County extended much farther west. The maximum warmth of the last or Sangamon Interglaciation was about 125,000 years ago; then the waves of the Pacific crashed against southern Clatsop County more or less where they do now. The period of maximum warmth and dryness of the present interglaciation occurred about 5000 years ago. Although most sea level rise (from the low stand 20,000 years ago) had been accomplished by 2000 years ago, today the warming of climate and the accompanying melting of ice is causing a worldwide rise of sea level which is becoming a major environmental problem.

The other indirect effect of Pleistocene glaciation was a large number of catastrophic floods rushing from Montana to the Pacific Ocean. One lobe of the Cordilleran Ice Sheet, which covered British Columbia, advanced into northern Idaho to dam Clark's Fork and create glacial Lake Missoula. The repeated failure of this ice dam released large quantities of water which eroded and deposited spectacular landforms (such as Grand Coulee) in eastern Washington before the floods raced through the Columbia River Gorge. Erratic boulders were left by icebergs stranded in the Willamette Valley and elsewhere. The last series of glacier outburst floods to travel from Montana to Clatsop County occurred 15,300 to 12,700 years ago (*Waite, 1985*). For more information on the Missoula floods, the reader is referred to works by Weiss and others (1973) and by Baker and Nummedal (1978).

Clatsop County was subject to catastrophic processes in the geologic past: flood basalts from

Idaho in the Miocene, and glacier outburst floods from Montana in the Pleistocene. Northwestern Oregon still feels the effects of violent geologic processes. High winds and huge waves battered Clatsop County during the Columbus Day storm of 1963. Coastal storms are generally most destructive when they coincide with high tides. Ocean flooding occurred in January 1939 "when high tides and windswept waters caused extensive damage over most of coastal Oregon (*Schlicker and others, 1972*).\" In December 1967 the entire Clatsop "coastline was lashed by waves of unusually destructive proportions. --- Seaside received \$7,000 damage to bridges and business establishments. Cannon Beach was the hardest hit of all the coastal communities, sustaining \$125,000 in major damages to three motels and 10 stores --- (*Schlicker and others, 1972*).\"

Three moderate earthquakes have been recorded along the Oregon coast between Astoria and Beaver (12 miles south of Tillamook); they happened on July 23, 1938, February 14, 1939, and November 16, 1957 (*Schlicker and others, 1972*). On December 26, 1963, plaster was cracked and pictures fell when a small earthquake occurred near the southeastern corner of Clatsop County (*Coffman and others, 1982*).

One of the most destructive forces of modern times was the tsunami (seismic sea wave) generated by the Alaskan earthquake of March 27, 1964. "The Oregon coast was struck by 10 to 14 foot waves --- At Seaside a trailer park was flooded as water backed up the Necanicum River, damage totaled about \$250,000. At Cannon Beach, damages totaled \$250,000; power and telephone services were cut off and several houses were toppled off their foundations (*Hansen and Eckel*).\"

The Pacific Northwest is a fascinating place to live. Our recorded history may not go back to 1607 (Jamestown) or 1620 (Plymouth Rock), but our geology certainly is more dynamic. Imagine how explosions, rivers, ocean currents and waves transported pumice from Mt. St. Helens to the beaches of Clatsop County in 1980.

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Born in Lexington, Virginia, R.J. Carson earned geology degrees at Cornell University, Tulane University, and the University of Washington. He was a petroleum geologist for Texaco and worked for the Washington Departments of Ecology and Natural Resources. Dr. Carson is a member of the National Association of Geology Teachers, the American Quaternary Association, the Society of Sigma Xi, and the American Alpine Club; he was elected to fellowship in the Geological Society of America and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. After teaching at North Carolina State University and the University of Oregon, he became chairman of the Department of Geology at Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington.

FOR SCENERY, some of the most magnificent in the world can be found at Cannon Beach. The surroundings make simply being there a rare, never-to-be-forgotten experience.

CLATSOP'S Past

June 27, 1878 there were two telephones in operation in the Astoria area, one on Main Street with cord connections and the other at the telegraph office connecting with the wires of the Western Union Company. Mr. S.T. McKean tried his hand "telephoning" for the first time at Brookfield that day, with a call to Colonel John Adair at upper Astoria. He understood from Col. Adair that fish were slack and the ship, Dorenbys, would be loaded next week business being hopeful. According to Mr. McKean, "a conversation can be carried along quite understandingly by those who have experience."

May, 1921 the Oates Natatorium Baths on the promenade at Seaside advertised the hiring of the World Champion diver, Happy Kuchin, as their swimming instructor. Mr. Kuchin was champion diver at the last Olympic Games.

December 4, 1890 J.H.D. Gray wrote to *The Astorian* correcting an article of December 2nd in that paper which stated that Gray was the "first white male child born west of the Rocky Mountains." His mother's diary showed that Elizabeth Warren, nee Spaulding was born in 1837, and Cyrus H. Walker of Warm Springs was born in 1838 and he J.H.D. Gray was born March 20, 1839 which makes him the second male child and third American child thus honored.

December 1898 from the *Astorian*: *Rain has fallen for the past 48 hours to such an extent that it is regarded as unprecedented in this section even at this season of the year. Saturday night and Sunday morning the water came*

down in torrents and with such force as to splash on the sidewalks as if thrown in bucketfuls from the roofs of buildings.

•
"FREE EXCURSION — from Astoria to Portland on the first train over the railroad." Notice is hereby given to all those who have been actively interested in the building of the Astoria and Columbia River railroad. That they might celebrate the completion of this road, Mr. Hammond has generously tendered them the use of all his passenger trains for the purpose of taking an excursion trip over the road to Portland and return on a date to be fixed about May 15 (1898).

•
In 1926 there was erected by the generosity of the Great Northern Railroad and Mr. Vincent Astor, the Astoria Column in commemoration of the founding of Astoria. The column is a hollow concrete shaft 125 feet high; a spiral frieze 535 feet long and seven feet wide encircles the column depicting the heroic deeds enacted in the establishment of Astoria. The art work is by Electus D. Litchfield and was etched by Attilo Pusterla.

•
In the early 1850's, a wharf was constructed in Astoria. Within a few years, the town had become a thriving seaport with deep water sailing vessels making Astoria an important port of call. The concept of a public port to replace private wharves was the talk along the waterfront for years. Finally in 1908 the Astoria Chamber of Commerce appointed a committee to make a study of the possibilities of such a port.

Cullaby, the Man and the Lake

THIS WONDERFUL TALE of the Oregon Coast written as a true historical tale by early historian, John Minto, and given to H.S. Lyman, a well-known Oregon writer and historian who printed it in the *Oregon Teachers Monthly* of October, 1896. Lyman revisited the Cullaby Lake area with John Minto.

Lyman wrote in the *Oregon Teachers Monthly*:

"Having had the privilege of reading the manuscript of Hon. John Minto's account of the Indian Cullaby, I take great pleasure in presenting it along with the Indian stories that I have obtained. I am glad to assure the readers of the *Oregon Teachers Monthly* that this is a perfectly accurate reproduction of the story as told to Mr. Minto more than fifty years ago."

I first heard the name of Cullaby and his claim to being part white from Ninian E. Eberman, an immigrant to Oregon in 1843. He and I were assisting the late Capt. R.W. Morrison to move his family and household goods from Linnton to Clatsop Plains in January, 1845, that he told me the story. Mr. Eberman told me that Cullaby was proud of the fact that he was part white and that he liked very much to have his claim to this distinction recognized by being addressed as Mr. Cullaby.

After getting the Morrison family housed in the east end of the building occupied by Solomon S. Smith, the pioneer house builder, whose farm and cattle Mr. Morrison had leased for one year, Mr. Eberman and myself returned up the Columbia to Hunt's Mill (Bradwood today) where we labored at cutting logs and rolling them into the mill yard. In March I

went to The Dalles and with the assistance of others brought Mr. Morrison's stock down through the gorge of the Columbia to the Washougal bottoms where they were left in care of G.W. Bush* who had the care of them at The Dalles during the winter. I returned to Clatsop in early May, 1845, and reported the stock in good condition, thus finishing a verbal bargain made in three minutes to Mr. Morrison in Missouri in late March 1844 to the mutual satisfaction of both parties thereto.

I was invited to remain a few days to rest before returning to my work at the sawmill. The Smith house had been built I believe, with regard to its defense. It was about sixty feet long and had three divisions, which were occupied by the Smith family and the slaves of Mrs. Smith. There was but one doorway into Mr. Smith's house and that was in the north side of the middle room. There were no windows or other openings to the outside from this room. This was Mrs. Smith's receiving room.

Minto visits Cullaby

The morning after my arrival I was standing in the doorway of the house, and saw a girl come from a camp which was occupied by a very old woman probably a pensioner of Mrs. Smith's bounty. The girl seemed to be about eighteen years of age; her complexion was lighter than common and her face should have been beautiful when in health, but had now only purity of expression often seen in consumptives near to death. She was evidently very sick and probably very tired. As she came slowly towards the

* Mr. Bush was a Mulato who had got his start in life as a trapper in the Rocky Mountains. He came to Oregon in 1844.

doorway, I noticed her hair, which was of decidedly reddish color, and I wondered if it might be the result of poor health. Just then J.L. Parrish, who was in charge of the nearby Methodist Episcopal mission, made his appearance and passed the girl with a kindly, "Good morning, Margaret."

Turning to me he said: "Margaret is a good girl; she is one of Cullaby's people."

"Yes," said Mr. Smith, coming from his end of the house, "she brings news that Cullaby killed a large elk last night; we might get some of the meat if any one would go for it."

Regarding his look and words as a challenge and an invitation combined, I replied: "I will go if no one else desires to do so."

One of the female slaves was at once ordered to go for the horses and they were soon corralled and a fine young mare saddled for me. After receiving directions for reaching Cullaby's and a warning to keep a firm hold of the coil or stake rope, I mounted and rode away at a gallop.

Oh what a scene! What an ideal hunter's home! I came to a stop near a small canoe which was used by the hunter to cross to the east side of the lake. The land at this point rose steeply for one or two hundred feet and was at that time heavily timbered with spruce, hemlock, cedar and fir. An elk had come down from this region to feed on the rushes, moss and tender herbage on the margin of the lake and had been killed and then floated over to the west shore within a few steps of the cabin. The skin was already neatly stretched on one end of the cabin. There was no one in sight. After dismounting and tying the mare, I approached the open doorway and looked inside, where I saw a man of medium size, compactly built, perhaps fifty years of age; he was engaged in stocking a gun

at a bench fixed against the side of the cabin.

He turned his head slightly so that I knew that he had seen me, but he said not a word and kept on with his work.

"Mr. Cullaby," I began, "Mr. Smith learned this morning that you had killed an elk and has sent me to find out if you would let him have some of the meat, for which he will pay you."

He gave a slight nod of his head which I understood as assent, but he kept on with his work. The house was the cleanest I had ever seen. Mr. Cullaby was evidently at home. His coolness put me under some embarrassment.

"Mr. Cullaby," I said again stepping towards him, "I saw a girl at Mr. Smith's this morning whom Mr. Parrish called Margaret, and he said she was one of your people. Is she?" He nodded his head again. "Well," I continued, "I never saw an Indian girl before with hair like she has."

He stopped his work and began to answer me, then turned and spoke to some one who was at the other end of the cabin behind some blankets which were hung across the room as a screen. Immediately a young man of perhaps twenty years pushed aside the blankets and answered in good English: "Yes, Margaret is of my father's people. She is the daughter of his sister and is my cousin."

"Well," I repeated, "I have never seen an Indian girl before with hair like she has. I read in a book while coming to this country of a man who had visited the camp of Lewis and Clark on the Netul with a party of Clatsop Men. The party had come by canoes, and it was in January, 1806. This man had so white a skin that it freckled, and he had light reddish hair. As they could learn nothing of his origin they concluded that one of his parents must have been white."

Before I had finished Cullaby had quit his work and was looking at me,

and he now asked in Chinook: "Mika cumtux paper wawa? (*Do you know how to read?*)

"Nawitka" (yes), I replied.

"Mika nanich ckoke paper wa-wa copa Boston illehee?" (*Did you read that in American man's land?*)

"Nawitka," I answered.

Cullaby hesitated a moment, then touched his breast with his hand and said, "Nika papa, okoke yaka citcum tecope." (*My father he was half white*). He went on, "Hiak calipy copa mu-luk, pe nika wa-wa Edwin, pe yaka wa-wa mika." (*Hurry take the elk meat. I will talk to Edwin and he will talk to you.*)

I had not long to wait. Cullaby with little aid from me or his son, soon had about two hundred pounds of elk meat securely bound across the back of the mare, and giving a sign to Edwin to see me over the marsh, he returned to his work. Before Edwin and I had gotten across the marsh to dry land, a feeling of natural friendship had sprung up between us that lasted until his early death, and even now that feeling of warm friendship returns to me every time I think of him.

I had no need to return to Cullaby's cabin to learn his story, for Edwin appeared at the Smith ranch early the next day, and together we went to the sea ridge and within sound of the surf, he told me his father's story as he had heard it from him the night before. It was the story of Cullaby's origin as the grandson of possibly the first white man ever cast up alive by ocean waves on the Oregon shore. The family tradition was told to Cullaby by a native woman well down the decline of life. There are circumstances in the story to indicate the wreck of a ship carrying supplies to a Catholic mission on the California coast. The ship was blown out of her course and thrown a broken wreck on the Oregon coast

near what is now called Cannon Beach. From this wreck a young white man was saved by the pity of a Tillamook Indian girl.

This is Edwin's story as told to him by his father, Cullaby.

It was many, many years ago, I do not know how many; my grandfather and mother lived with her parents near the Nehalem, but north of it. They were Tillamook people. The wind and rain had been strong for many days and were still very strong. The people did not leave their lodges, because the days were dark and stormy. One very dark night when the wind was still and the rain had ceased falling, the people heard a great noise, different from the noise the waters made — *boom, boom!* Fire could be seen out on the water near which their village was built and the people were much frightened at the strange noises and unusual sights. A noise like the cry of people in distress could be heard above the roar of the mad waters which the high tides had driven near the village.

The morning light was just breaking, and Ona, the daughter of a family living nearest the beach, could not be hindered from running to the shore while the light was yet gray; and Wena, her mother, afraid for her child, followed her. The first object Ona noticed on the wet sand proved to be the body of a short, thick man, with short hair on his face, low down, and on his head; he was quite dead. Looking northward, Ona saw another dark object and running to it, she found it to be another man, and still another, much like the first, lying face downward and quite dead. These all had dark skin much like her own. A little farther north a great mass of wreckage had been thrown high up on the shore. Ona ran to this, and on the side from the water saw what appeared to be a human head with short, red hair. It was held down by a

small spar lying across the back of the neck, pressing the face into the sand; a lot of rope and sailcloth covered the legs and lower part of the body. Ona thought she saw the head move; this frightened her and she ran away from it.

Just at this time Ona's mother appeared on the scene not far away. A man who lived near by, also came up and went to the pile of wreckage to see what had frightened Ona. He took up a large piece of broken wood and was about to strike the head. Ona gave a scream and taking up a stick rushed up behind the man and before his blow could fall, struck him over the head so that he was laid low upon the sand. Her mother had reached the place by this time; two other women were seen on the beach near by and they were beckened to approach. Ona was wild with excitement and ordered her mother and the two women about as if she were chief. She ordered them to help lift one end of the spar that lay across the neck, which they managed to do after several failures; but they could not pull the body from the wreckage until they had freed it from the ropes and sails, which with the spar seemed to have been thrown upon the man by the wave succeeding the one which had thrown him on the beach.

With the help of her mother and the women, Ona had the man who still breathed, carried to her father's lodge. When they had gotten there, her father, who had not left the place, told them to lay him near the fire with his head lower than his body, as he had undoubtedly swallowed much water. This was done and the man vomited some water. Ona's father then told them to lift him up and lay him so he could sleep. Soon he opened his eyes and Ona said many years after that, "they seemed as blue as the sky." He was too weak to move himself and his neck seemed almost

broken. When he opened his eyes again they seemed darker, like deep water; but the look from them spoke like the soft eyes of a fawn which Ona had once seen struck by eagles. Ona's father told them to give him some fish broth as he might be hungry. This was done and he slept again.

His recovery was rapid in every way except the injury to his neck. He never once tried to speak but Ona soon learned to know when he wanted something from the expression of his eyes, just as a mother learns the wants of her babe. As soon as he was able to walk he went to the place on the shore where the greatest amount of wreckage had been left. Most of the ropes and sails had been carried away by the people, but there were many pieces of the ship strewn about. Ona went with him and pointed out the place where she had found him. Though his movements indicated that his neck still pained him, he went all over the wreckage, and Ona could tell by his eyes that what he saw gave him pleasure.

On their return to the camp the white man took up some of the larger ropes which Ona's father had brought from the wreck and soon he separated it into several smaller ropes; he seemed pleased with his work and soon after went alone to the beach returning with a strong pole which he laid down near the lodge. That night as darkness approached he made signs to Ona indicated that he would need the help of her father, her mother and herself to go with him to the wreck quietly so as not to be seen by any one. After some council and being urged by Ona, her father and mother consented to go. The white man carried the small rope and the pole and arriving at the wreck he secured the arms chest of the ship bound the ropes about it, placed the pole through a loop made for that purpose and with the aid of the other

three persons carried it to the lodge camp; there it was covered with mats and other stuff. After several night's work unseen by any one except Ona's family, the white man succeeded in opening the chest. It was full of things which Ona afterwards learned were guns, daggers, swords, spear heads and ammunition. She also soon learned that these things were much better to hunt or fight with than were the stone daggers, spears and arrows which her father and others of her people had always used; that they gave greater power to those who used them. The white man was a stranger among a people he did not know and he wished to save all the arms he did not need for himself for those who should be kind to him.

The White Man

Some time elapsed before the white man's neck was free enough from pain so as to allow him to go much and far from camp. In the meantime Ona had learned that the chief's brother was very angry that the white man's life had been saved and would kill him if he got a chance. The time soon came when Ona's actions gave the chief's brother more cause than ever to be jealous of the white man and wish that he were out of the way. As soon as the white man had fully recovered, he went for a hunt alone one day.

Ona saw him go and noted the direction he had taken. Though keeping herself out of sight, she also saw the chief's brother and two of his friends start out for a hunt. She believed it was for the purpose of killing the white man and she determined to defeat their plan to do this if she could. She left the lodge pretending to go to the beach to get clams; but as soon as she was out of sight she turned her steps toward the timber in the direction the white man had gone. She traveled for some distance and began to fear that she

had missed the way and passed him when she heard a great noise in front of her. Carefully advancing she saw from behind a tree that the white man had stopped and was stooping over something. Just then an arrow struck the tree near her head and she left it and ran to where the white man stood. When he saw her he straightened up and pointed to the trunk of a fallen tree, indicating that she should be seated on it.

The white man had killed a large elk and had been taking the skin off when Ona discovered him. When he had accomplished this task, he cut the meat into such portions as he could handle with ease, and all but one piece he hung in the top of a young tree out of the reach of wolves. The head and hide were also hung in a tree. This done, he handed the gun to Ona, and after showing her how to carry it, he took up a load of the meat and led the way to the lodge. Ona followed, wondering much to see a man carrying meat like a woman. On reaching the lodge he signed to Ona that she should tell her father of the meat hung up in the timber waiting for his people to go for it and of the head and hide which was intended for himself. After she had told her father about the elk, she went with him and the people to the place where it had been killed. Great was their surprise to find no elk pit to show where the elk had been caught such as had been used by Ona's people, and they could not understand how the elk had been killed. After this Ona's father went to hunt with the white man and he learned about the gun.

A short time after this event, the people of the village all went to the Nehalem to spear salmon. Ona managed her father's canoe for him while he speared salmon. His luck was not good and he did not kill many. The white man made signs that he would like to try to spear salmon,

and Ona's father gave his consent as soon as he had been informed of his desire. With some amusement he changed places with the white man. As soon as the white man had taken his place in the canoe he signaled to Ona to move it into deeper water and at the very first trial he struck a large salmon. Ona said many years later that her heart swelled with gladness until it hurt when she heard her father say as to himself: "He has done that many times before now."

One day a large school of small fish came to the shore, accompanied by a great many seals and sea fowls which fed upon them. The people took their canoes down to the beach and some of them went out on the water and caught the fish in dip nets and others killed seals while still others gathered up the fish thrown out on the beach by the waves. While the people were so engaged a dark storm cloud had gathered in the north and came southward. The wind had a whirling motion and turned the waters of the ocean white and made a very great noise. The small fish disappeared from the surface of the water and the sea birds scattered to places of refuge.

All the people got safely to land except the chief's brother and one of his friends who were furthest out at sea chasing seals. To all appearances it seemed to those on the beach that no human power could help the two men who were now in the very center of the storm. The white man began to make signs for someone to go with him to their relief. The men were all afraid so that none volunteered to accompany him. He ran to the canoe nearest the water and by an extraordinary effort managed to get it into the waters. Starting out alone in the direction of the two men he was soon out of sight among the rolling surf. He remained so long out of sight that Ona and the people felt sure he was lost; but soon they saw the white man

returning all alone as it seemed. He had both the men in the bottom of the canoe where his looks and actions compelled them to lie so he could get back to land with the least resistance from the wind. The Chief's brother and his friend on arriving safely on land showed unmistakable signs of anger at having been saved by the white man but the people openly expressed their admiration.

Journey to a New Home

Among many things the white man had done during his stay among the Indians was to teach the chief of the Tillamooks the use of fire arms and to present him with a gun and some ammunition. This however, had had no perceptible effect in making his residence with the tribe more pleasant or less dangerous. He was never safe from the jealousy of the chief's brother caused by Ona's undistinguished love for him. Ona's father seeing the condition of affairs said one day: "I do not know my own people. We will go live with the Clatsops. My sister is the wife of their chief." Turning to Ona he continued: "The white man seems to understand you best. Tell him we leave here tonight for the home of the Clatsops and ask him what he will do. His life will be more than ever in danger when we are gone. Ask him if he will go with us."

"He will not go with us unless he goes as your son," replied Ona.

"How can that be since he is of a different people?" asked her father.

The white man seemed to understand the drift of the conversation. He went to Wena, Ona's mother and motioning to her to rise to her feet he placed her by the side of her husband. He then took Ona by the hand and stood looking at her father.

"He seems to want you for his wife," Ona's father said to her. "Do you want him?"

"Yes father," Ona replied. "He is

my life, and I am the cause of his danger; I have known it since the day he killed the first elk."

"Then," said her father, "we will make haste to be away."

The white man seemed to understand fully what had taken place and going to the arms chest he took out the guns and other weapons of which he gave a gun, belt and knife to his new father-in-law. To Ona and her mother he gave each a knife, and belted a sword and knife onto himself. He set his own gun aside and gave one to Ona to carry for his use also. He then turned the arms chest over to show that it was empty. He made signs to Ona that he had already taken the rest of the contents of the chest northward up the beach and had hid them. When all was ready, he took up his pack and gun and waited for the others to do likewise so as to go forward. They began the journey in single file but soon the young couple were walking side by side, whose example the aged pair not long after adopted.

At early gray light the white man signed to stop, and, leaving Ona and her mother to get some food out of one of the packs, he took her father and showed him where the rest of the arms were hidden. After eating a hearty meal at this place they took to the beach again and after walking a long distance, they came to a point that projected out to the water's edge. Here they were suddenly confronted by two bears coming around the point. The white man dropped his pack and shot at the foremost one, and Ona's father fired at the other which already carried an arrow, breaking its leg. The bear rose in an almost upright position and began to bite its leg hurt, when the white man ran up and thrust his sword through it. Just then three young men dashed around the point in pursuit of the bears. A short explanation

brought forth the intelligence that one of the young men was the son of the chief of the Clatsop village Quatat (*Seaside*) and his two friends who were on their way to see the white man who had been thrown up by the sea, of whom they had heard.

With some care the young chief had gotten near enough to the bears while they were feeding on some fish lying on the beach near the point and had lodged an arrow into one of them. He had followed the bear to find it dying from a shot from the gun of his mother's brother and a sword thrust given by a white man with red curling hair and blue eyes. The white man seemed to understand what had occurred and stepped up to the young chief and passing the bloody sword to his left hand, he offered him his right hand, which was grasped by the other although the custom was an entirely new one to him. While Ona's father was giving a few words of explanation of the journey and its cause, it was seen that the bear which the white man had shot was lying on the beach a short distance from the party. The white man had already loaded both the guns and now led the way to where the bear was lying to find it almost dead. The young chief gave direction to his friends to dress the bears and place all of the meat except a little for immediate use, upon a scaffold made from driftwood. While this work was being done the young chief and his uncle held a consultation; they came to the conclusion that they would be followed by the brother of the Tillamook chief as soon as he discovered their absence.

All being ready again they continued their journey. The young chief took for his part of the burden one of the bear skins and a gun while the other skin was added to the light loads which his two friends had already carried. They had not yet

passed out of the summer hunting ground of Ona's father. The Tillamook tribe's summer hunting grounds were near the south side of the base of Tillamook head, and on arriving at that place, it was decided to pass the night there, as the party had been on the move most of the time for the past twenty four hours or more. After eating their evening meal plans of defense were talked over and arrangements made for passing the night, under the strong possibility of being attacked before morning.

Death of a Rival

The white man seemed to have already formed a plan for his own actions. He signed to Ona that her father and his friends should guard the camp in their own way but that she and himself would watch the trail. She was instructed to take some skins for a bed and he took the skin of one of the bears and led the way to a place some distance toward the beach and north of the trail to a clump of alder trees from which a man coming from the beach could be seen when he reached the top of the steepest part of the trail. He placed the bear skin on the north side of the trees for a bed for Ona. Taking her in his arms, he kissed her fervently then lifting her as if she were a child he laid her tenderly on the bear skin and covered her carefully with the skins she had brought. He placed a finger first on her lips and then on her eyes to signify that she was to be still and sleep. He then took up his position near by with gun in hand to watch through the night.

Ona was tired and worn out from the long day's walk, but now her heart felt large with joy to be near her husband, though she had great fear for his safety, knowing that the chief's brother would never cease pursuit of him, until one of them had been killed. With these emotions to bear her company she lay throughout the

night or until near daybreak. Suddenly she was awakened from her troubled sleep by the loud report of her husband's gun and she opened her eyes to find him standing near her with the smoking gun in his hands. He stood with his face toward the trail. She could hear voices and the noise of movements from the direction of the camp. It was some time before her husband moved; when he did, it was to reload the gun. He then moved slowly toward the trail, signing to Ona to keep still and remain where she was. Soon the young chief joined him. It was rapidly growing light and the young chief's friends came to him and after some little time he returned to the camp with them. The white man returned to Ona, taking up the skins used for her bed, they also returned to the camp.

After they had eaten their morning meal, the white man indicated to Ona that he would require the assistance of the young chief and his friends for some important duty. She told her father of the request and they understood it was to dispose of the body of his rival who had constantly watched for an opportunity to kill him since the day he had killed his first elk. The young men were willing to do what he desired of them and leaving Ona's father to guard the camp, they took one of the bear skins and went to the place where the body of the Tillamook chief's brother lay, and placing the corpse on the skin, they carried it to the edge of the tide flow where they built a scaffold of drift wood upon which the body was laid so as to be out of reach of the wolves. It was then carefully covered over with skins to protect it from the birds of prey, and there they left the body in a place where his friends could not pass without noticing it.

The three young Clatsops noted with great interest the care the white man took in the treatment of the

body of his mortal enemy whom he had been compelled to kill to save his own life. They wondered at it, and spoke of it many times afterwards. When Ona had become very old, she told her grandson, Cullaby, that the people often spoke of this affair many years after when the white man nursed them in the direful contagion that came upon them.

After the young men had disposed of the body of the Chief's brother the whole party again took the trail towards Ne-can-a-cum. At this place the young chief left the party, to be guided by his friends across the Oahanna, while he went direct to his father at Quatat to inform him of what had occurred. The old chief told his son to take the Tillamook family to his summer hunting camp by the lake (Clatsop Lake, then Cullaby Lake) and he would send some of his people up the Ne-can-a-cum to cut a large cedar tree from which to make a canoe, and also to watch the trail. The dugout canoe might be needed to pay for the life of the Tillamook chief's brother. The young chief took a small canoe and hurried down the Necanicum to the Oahanna and up that stream, overtaking his uncle and family at the usual crossing where they went into camp for the night on the north bank.

The next morning the young chief guided the party to his father's summer camp. He had a canoe placed in the lake for the use of the white man, so that in case of danger from his enemies he could cross over to the east shore where, well hid, he could make it almost impossible for anyone to cross the lake in pursuit. This precaution, however, proved unnecessary. Shortly after this the Tillamooks approached the canoe makers on the Necanacum very cautiously and told them there need be no war on account of the death of the chief's brother, as it had been

against the advice of his friends and customs of his people that he had sought to kill the white man through jealousy. He had also neglected to give any presents to Ona's father, but seemed rather to have tried to frighten her into becoming his wife. Neither the chief nor his people seemed to regret that the white man had defended himself, and the Clatsop people fully endorsed his action in the affair. The young chief and the white man became firm friends and brothers by adoption.

The Spotted Death

For nearly ten years the life to Ona was very happy. A portion of the time of each of those years was passed either at Quatat, on the Necanicum or on the Necoxie, but the shore of Cullaby* Lake near the base of a small butte of clay soil on its west margin was their permanent home. As hunting the deer, elk or bear was the white man's favorite occupation, his choice of hunting ground was south of east of the lake, where these animals were to be found most plentifully. Sometimes for months he would camp near the head waters of the Netul (Lewis and Clark River). When the large salmon came in from the sea in September or October, he loved, indeed, to spend a few days in catching them in the Necanicum or Necoxie.

In their season Ona always had an abundant supply of strawberries, salmonberries, cranberries and crab apples near at hand. For mats she could always obtain rushes near home, cedar bark not far away and bear grass on the higher land not far distant. With these she occupied much of her time, and her husband when he was not away on the hunt devoted much of his time in repairing his gun and those of the others. Soon after their arrival at their present

* The white settlers named it Cullaby Lake for respect to him.

home Ona's father and a party of Clatsops had returned to Tillamook and brought away the guns, swords and spearheads which the white man had hidden. To clean and repair these guns and weapons and to teach his Clatsop friends how to use them required most of his time. The guns often got out of repair and were as often returned to him to be mended. This work he continued to do until his death, after which his son did the work and still later Cullaby, his grandson, became the gunsmith of the Clatsops, while he was yet quite young.

The past ten years of happiness were to be followed by days of heartache for Ona. They began more than ten years before the Boston men (1792) brought the big ship into the great river. A ship very much like this one came close to the shore near the Nehalem, and some of its people made a landing in small boats. When they went away they left two sick men who soon afterwards died. Soon many of the Tillamooks became sick in the same way. The disease caused their skins to turn very red and their faces to swell, making them almost blind. Many, many of them died and the faces of those who survived were left spotted ever afterwards.

This deadly sickness soon reached the Clatsops from the Tillamook people. As soon as the white man learned of it he went to Quatat but soon returned with the wife and family of his friend, the young chief. He informed Ona that she must take his friend's wife and two children and their own two children, a boy and a girl, and go to their furthest camp on the Netul where she should remain, if she could obtain food, until he joined her or she received a message from him. He charged her that his friend's wife with their children should keep to themselves, as their lives might depend on avoiding others. His eyes

spoke to her more plainly than they had ever done before, and she saw fear in them for the first time.

The white man went once more to Quatat to take care of the sick and the dead. The old chief soon died, and his son was taken with the deadly sickness. The white man gave him his whole and most devoted attention, but he died too as did also a younger half brother. His devoted care and undivided attention was of no avail. He then gave his aid to anyone in need of attention, and they were many. He advised those who were not yet sick to go to the highlands in small parties; many did so and some were saved from death by heeding his advice. So very many of the people died that the death wail for them was about the only sounds that could be heard for many days. The white man was at last stricken himself, but there were none to care for him. Many he had cared for and watched with some of whom had survived the dread disease. His life he had sacrificed for others, but he was left to die alone and uncared for away from those who were most dear to him. All this Ona learned many months afterwards.

Several years after the spotted death had ceased and healthful conditions were restored, Ona and her children returned to their lakeside home. During their absence they had become so accustomed to getting a living from the forest that they rarely went to the beach for food as had formerly been their custom. They, however, often received clams and fish from their friends who frequently visited them at the lake. Some of the people returned to Quatat after the plague was over, but the place never contained as many inhabitants as it had before. The spotted death as it was called had left its withering blight upon a once peaceful and happy people.

Some years after the events already

related, a ship came into the great river and landed near the village of the Chinooks. It went away soon and another ship came and remained longer. Neither Ona nor her son saw these ships or the men who came in them, but they heard about them from the Clatsop people who came to get guns mended, and they were different guns, sometimes, from those that the white man had saved from the wreck many years before. Ona's son who was a man now, could kill deer, elk and bears as well as his father had ever done and this brought people to the lake with clams and fish to exchange for meat, berries, cedar bark and bear grass. Though Ona and her children lived much to themselves, they learned much of others from this interchange of trade. Ona's son had married the youngest daughter of his father's friend, the young chief at Quatat. Ona had two daughters one of whom was born shortly after the death of her husband.

Many years passed away. Often ships were seen off the coast and sometimes men landed in small boats. These men had guns, knives and clothes which they would exchange for the skins of beaver, otter and other animals. At last a number of white men came down the great river and settled at a point a short distance up the Netul on the west bank where they built camps different from any the Clatsops had ever seen. Their guns were also different from those now used by the Clatsops. These white men hunted elk and bear in much the same manner that Ona's husband had done, but they seemed always to be hungry and even bought dogs to eat. Ona did not see any of these white men, but her son saw one of them kill an elk near the Netul, and he went to her home at the lake and told her what he had seen. After this he went to the village of Chief

Cob-a-way (written Comowool by Lewis and Clark) whose home was by the great river, and, with a number of other people he went to see the white men at their camp on the lower Netul. Cullaby was then a small boy, but he remembered to have heard his father tell his grandmother, Ona, that he had seen one of the white men make fire by holding a white stone in the sunlight. (This white stone was Captain Clark's sunglass, which he often used to impress the natives).

After this Ona's son went often to visit the white men at Fort Clatsop*. He met his death at the village of Coboway where he had gone to attend a salmon dance and it was never known by whom and for what reason he was killed.

"The young, freckle-faced, red-haired hunter and gunsmith, son of Ona found welcome and friendship from many in attendance at the salmon dance where few, if any, knew anything definitely of his origin. Ona's son carried a dagger or short sword much in the same manner that others carry the double edged dagger. It was never known who struck the first blow but at the end of the short struggle in which nearly all the dancers were engaged, Ona's son and Cullaby's father was found dead on the floor of the lodge.

This tragic ending of the life of Ona's son caused her and her grandson Cullaby to cling still more closely to the home and locality in which she and her white husband in the long ago had been placed for safety and easy self-defense by her cousin, the young chief of the Clatsops."

* In the Journals of Lewis and Clark, mention was made of the visit of Ona's son. They mentioned the appearance of a "dusky red-haired Indian with a freckled face." The young man also visited Fort Astoria on the Columbia and a member of John Jacob Astor's Company, Ross Cox, described him this way in his diary:

"An Indian belonging to a small tribe on the

coast southward of the fort, occasionally visited here. His history is rather curious. His skin was fair, his face partly freckled and his hair quite red. He was about five feet ten inches high, was slender but remarkably well made. His head had not undergone the flattening process. He was called Jack Ramsey in consequence of that name having been punctured on his left arm." The Indians allege that his father was an English sailor, who was shipwrecked on the coast. He married a Tillamook Indian and when Jack was born he insisted on preserving the child's head in its natural state, and while young had punctured the arm in the above manner. Old Ramsey had died about twenty years before this period. He had several more children but Jack was the only red haired one among them. Jack was fond of his father's countrymen, and whenever he came to the fort he always wore trousers and an old shirt. We therefore made a collection of old clothes for his use, sufficient to last for many years."

This was the end of Edwin's story. It was

quite long made so by the difficulty under which he labored and although he spoke English plainly his knowledge of words and their meaning was limited so he often resorted to Chinook jargon of which John Minto had limited knowledge. Minto never saw the sick girl, Margaret again nor her uncle, Cullaby. It was not until the autumn of 1849 that Minto again met Edwin whom he now considered a good friend. Edwin gave him additional information about his father's tradition. Edwin had asked his father about the personal appearance of his grandfather who was killed by his own weapon, as related, and was told that he had somewhat the look of Mr. Latta (Lattie) a Highland Scot who was then in charge of Fort Astoria and his eyes were the same color, but he was not so large. Edwin said that Mr. Latta often visited at his father's cabin sometimes spending the day there and sometimes on the lake shooting ducks. Cullaby was fond of Mr. Latta's son-in-law, Mr. Clutrie, who was poisoned while acting as a guide to some timber cruisers at a later date.

Clatsop women, members of Cullaby's tribe.



"Neither snow nor rain nor heat . . . stays these couriers"

Indian Trails in South County

AS EARLY AS 1845 authorities in Washington D.C. began efforts for mail service from Atlantic States to Oregon via Havana, across the Isthmus of Panama, up the coast to the Columbia River and then over to the Sandwich Islands but little mail was carried until the days of the California Gold Rush.

In the spring of 1847, Cornelius Gilliam of Oregon was appointed Postal Agent for the Oregon Country. He was to appoint postmasters and manage affairs of the Pacific Northwest. John Shively was then appointed Postmaster at Astoria, William T. Vault at Oregon City. During the Cayuse War following the Whitman massacre, Col. Gilliam commanded the Oregon forces and in

March 1848 was shot and killed at Umatilla. His place was filled by the San Francisco agent who appointed postmasters at Portland, Oregon City, Salem and Corvallis. It was not until 1851 that the steamer *Columbia* arrived from New York with mail and passengers and once each month, thereafter, came to Astoria from San Francisco.

Carriers Encountered Dangers

There was great expense to mail carrying; danger of storms, floods, wild animals and Indians. Express messengers came on the *Columbia* and Adams Co. opened an office in Portland from whence mail was delivered. This office gave up to Wells Fargo in 1853. The same year Wells Fargo opened an office in

The old military road or trail led South from Fort Stevens to Salem, OR.



Astoria for express and messenger service with Mr. Adam Van Dusen as agent. Wells Fargo bought government stamped envelopes put their own stamp on and charged 100% profit for the service. Individuals engaged to carry letters between Oregon and California in the early 50's were paid 50¢ an ounce on their pouches of mail for their arduous journey on horseback.

Mr. Eben Parker was the early carrier between Astoria Post Office and the Tillamook Office. This was indeed an arduous trek beset by all the hazards mentioned.

Mr. Herman Ahlers had a large donation land claim between Seaside

and Elsie with his house and farm close to Elsie. He knew the South County "like the palm of his hand" and was the early authority on the Indian Trails. August Hildebrand of Astoria knew Ahlers very well and in the later life of both men asked Ahlers to record his knowledge of the Indian Trails from Astoria to Tillamook, which Ahlers did in 1940. Russell Dark, a Clatsop County Historian who rescued reams of irreplaceable county government records from destruction, died in 1980. He had saved the Hildebrand papers and upon his death, his wife, LaWanda Dark presented them along with other valuable items to the Historical Society. We give special credit to the memory of Army Air Force Colonel Russell Dark and to the people whose forethought returns this information to Clatsop County.

Silver Rock at Cannon Beach.



HERMAN AHLERS REPORT

*Friend Hildebrand
Astoria, Oregon*

You have mentioned the routes the Indians travelled between Astoria and what is now called Seaside. You also mentioned the trail over Neah-Ka-Nie Mountain. It remains therefore to fill the gap between Seaside and Neah-Ka-Nie.

The town of Seaside was called in earlier days Holladay. Ben Holladay had received his donation land claim from Will Latty, the son of Alex Latty, and built his famous hotel on it as a resort. Ben Holladay and a few others applied to the Federal Authorities to have a Post office established. This Post office was located on Holladay's farm in one of his buildings superintended by S.K. Stanley, a widower with four children. He, Stanley, was the first postmaster there. When the Grimes family arrived at Seaside, Stanley married the one girl in that family, then one child, a girl named June (Jane?) was



Early residents rode horseback through spectacular Arch Cape at Cannon Beach.

added to the Stanley family. She died in the 1930's as Mrs. Oates. Her husband had established the Oates' Baths and a theatre in Seaside.

There was a post office at Tillamook and Astoria before Ben Holladay, with mail service starting from Astoria once a week. You have mentioned the route from Astoria to Seaside as going by steamer to Skipanon. I believe this place was called Lexington in earlier days — now called Warrenton. At about the center of Will Latty's Donation, now known as Ben Holladay's claim, meanders through the lower part a small creek flowing from a southwest direction. The gravely bed of this creek was the trail over the low divide, on the other side of this divide is a similar creek flowing west. The bed of this creek was the trail to the beach directly south of Tillamook Head. This place was called in my time, Indian Town and the beach was called Indian Town Beach — now simply Indian Beach.

This beach reaches in a curve to Sea Lion rocks and is not very large in

extent but sandy and gravely, perhaps a mile or two long. From Sea Lion rocks the trail went higher up through the woods on account of the difficult cliff formations on the near shore — and ended in the sand hills north of the mouth of Elk Creek. From Elk Creek, which is easily forded at low tide water, at the ocean shore, is open sand beach except at high tide at Silver Point cliffs and Hug Points — and ends at Arch Cape, a solid obstruction to beach travel. This location was also called False Tillamook.

From here travelling south, the Indians had a short cut over False Tillamook, or Arch Cape, to short Sand Beach creek at its mouth. This trail proved too difficult for the mail carrier using a horse, he had to find a longer way, higher up. Thence continued over the difficult Neah-ka-Nie, a steep rocky mountain side directly over the ocean. This was the earliest location of trails in this neighborhood to my knowledge. Later on Ben Holladay was instrumental locating other routes.

Sportsmen's Rendezvous

Holladay's Hotel was figured out in early times to be a hunters and fishermans rendezvous — what may be termed a fashionable dude ranch nowadays.

After the hotel was finished Ben employed a young man by the name of Gervais as Master of the Hunt, whose domain was the endless or limitless forest to the west and south. This Gervais was a son of an old frontiersman after whom the town of Gervais in the Willamette Valley was named, or who founded it. The young Gervais was a thorough woodsman and hunter, the blood of the French Canadian and American Indian flowed in his veins.

Holladay's aim was trails into the elk, deer, bear and cougar country. He knew the best paying customer for his hotel were the sportsmen of the richer class, who had money to spend.

Ben Holladay hired a surveyor and several axemen who, under the direction of young Gervais, laid out the shortest possible route to the place he had decided abounded in game.

This trail skirted the southside of Fred Berman's Butte going in a southerly course it crossed the north fork of the Necanicum about a quarter of a mile from where the state fish hatchery now is located. Thence it crossed the main Necanicum going up the south side of the stream to where a hill, jutting north, stopped further easy progress. Here they constructed a hunter's camp about a quarter of a mile below the present Necanicum school house — about a mile below Wolf Creek Road (Sunset Highway) and the inner Coast Highway junction at Lempkes.

Meanwhile, Eben Parker, the Astoria mail carrier to Tillamook, found the coast Indian trail too rough for a comfortable route. He complained to Holladay and suggested

that Gervais knew of, or could find a better route. Whereupon Holladay instructed Gervais to find a better trail for Parker into the south County toward Nehalem and Tillamook and incidently help his hunting project.

If you look up Wernecke Creek, which flows from the south into the Necanicum in Section 22 near the old Holladay Hunting camp site, you can see the three buttes that form with Sugar Loaf mountain a mountain chain.

From Camp Holladay, Gervais apparently went up Wernecke Creek around the three Buttes and a lake located in that section. Wernecke was my next door neighbor and had a claim on this creek.

From the lake in a southerly direction, I am positive of the route, as I have been over that Section and saw traces that indicated this to me. He went southerly from the Buttes and lake and struck the divide of the Necanicum and Nehalem. He struck the ridge between Buchanan Creek and Soapstone Creek, followed this ridge to where the Soapstone flows into Buchanan then followed Buchanan Creek to where it flowed into the North Nehalem. From there it was comparatively easy.

Gervais had done his work well and mail carrier E.P. Parker had an easier route to Tillamook. This trail was used until the war with the Modocs (in Southern Oregon-Cal border when troops form Ft. Vancouver and Ft. Stevens forged a trail from the Columbia to the border with supplies and ammunition) in 1873, which was before my time since I was born in 1883.

I would not have mentioned this sorry tale but for the fact that, on account of providing a still easier trail to Southern Oregon for the soldiers to travel also made a trail further west than the Gervais trail and this trail

after that was used by the Astoria Mail carrier.

Gearhart's Ridge Trail

This trail was about one hundred strides southerly from what is now known as the Black Bridge, up a ridge that runs up to Sugar Loaf Mountain. The ridge is called, Gearhart's Ridge, named for early pioneer Philip Gearhart, who was a surveyor and laid out the trail over this ridge . . . The ridge is fairly straight, to the northeast of it flows a turbulent creek from which the City of Seaside gets its water supply. This creek then flows into the Necanicum — and on account that it flowed under this trail — later used as a mail route, it was called Mail Creek. Sugar Loaf was named such on account of a peculiar rock formation that crowns the very pinnacle of the mountain in the shape of the old fashioned sugar loaf, or sugar hat, before the event of cube sugar. The real sugar loaf had to be

broken up with sugar tongs in smaller pieces.

Buchanan Creek was called after a Captain Buchanan of the U.S. Army who settled on this creek from the Nehalem side and who was well acquainted with then Clatsop County Judge McGuire and was influential in political circles, which perhaps helped to locate the trail his way.

The present (1940's) highway is the easiest and logical way over the divide between the Necanicum and the Nehalem. Gervais was up against the bluff west of Lempkes — had he circled this by going north, then east, then southerly, crossing the main stream of the Necanicum several times he would then have found the comparative easy route now travelled and surveyed by Gearhart.

Herman Ahlers was a pioneer settler in Necanicum River valley and later lived in the Knappa area.

Remember how scary it was driving around Hug Point? Some preferred to walk.



Seaside, Oregon's Ideal Resort

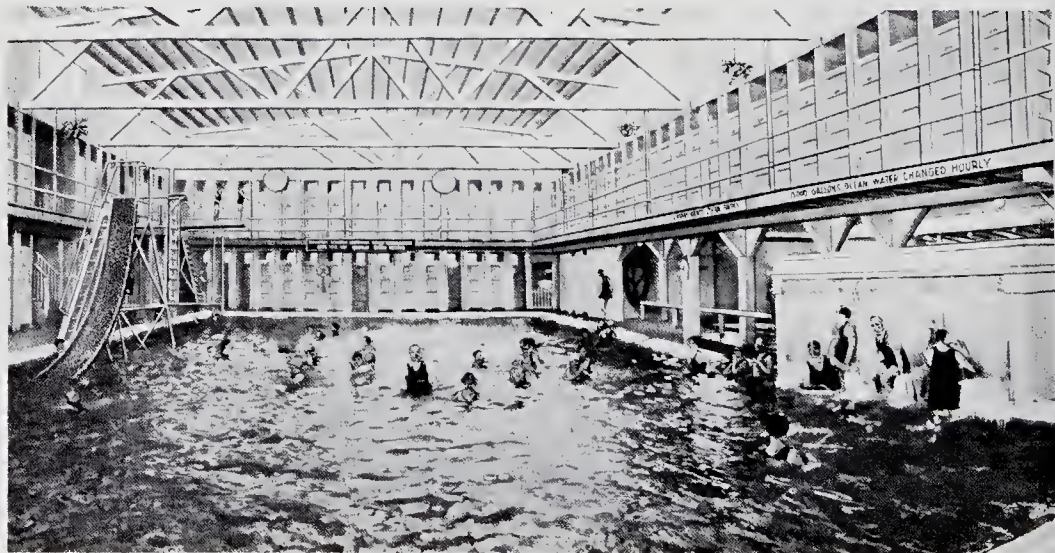
SEASIDE OF THE 1920's was the playground of the Northwest, where mountain with its streams and ocean meet, where breakers rolled and cool ocean breezes soothed the work-weary souls of mankind!

Seaside was a meeting place, not only of the mountain and the ocean, but of the large majority of rest, recreation and pleasure seekers of the Northwest. Her own public-spirited citizens did all in their power to furnish their visitors with all the rest, recreation and pleasure they could handle and are still offering the special care and service today.

1921 was the year the old board walk along the beach front became a fine concrete promenade the full length of the lovely curved white-sand beach and in the center the turn-around which allowed the autos of the '20's to glimpse the pounding surf before camping or settling into family cottages in "The Grove." Tent city was always filled with breezy canvas homes for the summer people.

There was always the attraction of a brisk walk along the prom or the beach. A leisurely drive on paved streets along the beach front; there was surf bathing, which in itself was worth going to Seaside for; and there was a large salt-water natatorium, The Oates Natatorium (at first in present aquarium location) with excellent diving boards, which appealed to those who were too delicate or just fearful of the ocean breakers; a swim instructor was always on duty as life guard when not teaching a class of beginners. Later Seasideians cheered "a bigger and better nat" when Mr. Oates opened the large natatorium right on the prom left facing the ocean, by the turn-around. In this building one could swim inside to ones heart's content, go out a separate door to the beach, sun or brave the breakers, then return to the nat stepping through a footbath and shower and in again to the tanks. Both swim suits and towels were rented at the incoming desk for

The Natatorium or Oates Baths at the Turn-around where "15,000 gallons of ocean water was changed hourly" was the hit of the seasons.





Residents removed rocks from the beach to build hearths, chimneys and bulkheads.

a small extra fee. Was it only 25 ¢ for a swim and stay as long as desired? My memory refreshed with the thought breathes in again the scent of salt water and chlorine and sees again the tiny individual dressing booths and signs posted as reminders not to run along the docks.

1921 brought Elmer "Tiny" Leonard, the salt water taffy man in his little shop on Broadway on the left near the turn-around. Across Broadway on the north prom stood the magnificent Moore Hotel which by 1921 was purchased by a body of prominent citizens, who added a wing to the building and changed the name to Seaside Hotel which was to welcome patrons for over 60 years and then was replaced in 1983 by the present Shilo Inn.

The beach front at Seaside was naturally covered with smooth but large, pebbles. Clearing began about 1907 though pictures of beach scenes that year show a heavy pebbled beach above the tide area near the board walk. It was gradually transformed into a fine white sand beach with the town folks helping remove the rocks and building tall outside stone chimneys and pebbly walks for their summer cottages and permanent homes. Bulkheads appeared wherever a small hillside house was

built, also many cottages and hotels along the coast had the comfort of large, open, stone fireplaces with often the hearth itself of smooth beach pebbles.

The perfect examples of big open, stone fireplaces could be found in the lobby of the old Gearhart Hotel and in the Warren Hotel which was once located on Elk Creek beach at the north end of Cannon Beach.

In 1921 Mrs. Stanley was the only resident of the Seaside early days who remained all those years. Her family, were of the first settlers on the north side of the Necanicum. Her father was one of the planners and builders of the first bridge across the Necanicum River making Shell Road all the way up to the beach. After the bridge was in, the street became Bridge St. and still later, Broadway. So Indian town of Quatat became the town beside the sea and was named Seaside.

Promenade Dedicated

On August 6, 1921 the work was completed on the \$200,000 break-water or promenade with the turn-around and the dedication was held. Governor of Oregon Ben Olcott, congratulated the people of Seaside on the fine resort and Mayor of Portland George L. Baker, led a fine parade and gave the address. He was

also the President of the coming 1925 Portland Exposition and with the Royal Rosarian's Grand Marshall spoke of its forthcoming advantage for all Oregon. During the speech airplanes flew overhead landing on the beach below. Afterward Sgt. J. de Villiers, daredevil, jumped from a plane at 5000 ft. over the beach landing safely with his parachute. It was indeed a grand day for the finest resort on the coast of Oregon.

In 1921 there were numbers of fine hotels, numerous cottages, tent houses and real summer homes which were obtainable for rent. A typical cottage was that of the E.P. Noonan family of Astoria. It was located in a small grove, left of Broadway and a block South. The cottage bore the name *Clontarf* the name of a famous battle in 18th Century Ireland, Mr. Noonan's home country. Many such cottages were named for family members, famous places and historic

happenings.

One of the favorite sports on all Clatsop beaches which became more popular through the years, was clamming not one of the least attractive drawing cards of Seaside. One would see the hole, dig for the razor clam and if you didn't catch him it was your own fault. There were many crabs in the ocean and Seaside and Gearhart were the places to get them.

1921 also saw the completion of the recreation pier from the foot of the main street, Broadway, out into the ocean beyond the breakers.

Through the center of the city and continuing for a number of miles back into the hills, is the Necanicum River, splendid for fishing, for boating, especially canoeing, and flowing between banks of unusual beauty. Yes, Seaside was indeed the Atlantic City of the Pacific Coast and far more delightful.

The excursion train brought Portlanders to the Clatsop Beaches.

W 10. Excursion Train, Seaside, Oregon.



The Brallier Family

FRANK ELLIS BRALLIER a pioneer resident of Cannon Beach, Oregon was interviewed by the *Oregon Journal* man, Fred Lockley, in 1930 at his home near Cannon Beach. The following is in part Frank's story of his experiences.

"I was born on the site of what is now Bay City, in Tillamook County, November 2, 1865. My father, Henry Brallier came to California in 1852. After mining for awhile he went back to Kentucky and brought back with him a Kentucky stallion and 15 blooded mares. I think they were Morgan stock. He came across the plains with an emigrant train, and spent the winter of 1857-58 at McMinnville.

"When Father came out to California in '52 he had met a young chap named Kelly. They became partners in prospecting and mining. Kelly met and married the daughter of one of the old-time California families. She owned a Spanish land grant given to her by her father. It was located on Half Moon bay and it consisted of several thousand acres of land along the coast. She had a lot of half wild Spanish and Mexican horses. Father and Kelly decided to bring out some racing stock. Father drove his 15 mares and the stallion from McMinnville to Portland to ship them by steamer to Half Moon bay. As it turned out he would have been better off driving them over land as the steamer encountered a heavy storm. I don't remember whether it was the Ajax or the Oriflamme. All 15 of the mares died on the steamer and were thrown overboard. The stallion was the only animal to reach Half Moon bay. Father turned the stallion over to Kelly and returned to McMinnville.



Henry Brallier was born Feb. 21, 1830, posing for this picture 78 years later.

"On the way up from San Francisco he met a young lady on the boat by the name of Elizabeth Lane. Father was evidently a fast worker for he wooed and won her on that brief trip on the steamer and they went to McMinnville where they were married at the home of Mr. Rogers who owned a donation land claim at the edge of McMinnville. From there they went to her home at the edge of Tillamook Bay between the Kelsey and Wilson Rivers. Father took up a squatters claim for a homestead and also a preemption right. After a year or two he sold out and came to Astoria, where my brother Jacob Edward Brallier was born on October 15, 1861. Father was a contractor and builder at Astoria and lived there till 1880, when he moved to Skipanon on Clatsop Plains. My brother Jake was the first child in the family. I was next, and then came John Douglas Brallier, who is an engineer in the mill at Wheeler.

"I attended school at Astoria. Couch Clinton, who was county clerk

of Clatsop County for over 28 years, was one of my schoolmates. When I was 14 I went to work for P.C. Warren at Skipanon. His brother D.K. Warren was a stock raiser and butcher. The town of Warrenton is named for him. For two years I milked cows, made hay and worked on Warren's ranch. We didn't have movies, radios, autos or jazz in those days but the young people went to singing school, spelling school and country dances and took their girls out horseback riding and occasionally they would take them to a dance or show at Astoria, usually going there by rowboat and rowing the seven miles. We boys also had all the duck hunting and fishing we wanted, for wild fowl and fish were plentiful in those days.

"When I was 16 I put in a winter at school in Astoria, Mrs. Martin being my teacher. After that I worked in the canneries and sawmills. Do you remember the fishermen's strike, when the slogan was "Fifty cents or no fish"? In those days you could go out to a fisherman's boat and pick out a 50 to 70 pound salmon for 50 cents as they were not sold by the pound only 50 cents a salmon. This was about 1882 or '83. I remember during the strike a man named John Jake was running the Liberty Theatre. The fishermen had no money to buy tickets to his show so he advertised that during the strike anyone bringing a good sized salmon would be admitted to the theatre. He arranged

with Kinney's Cannery to take all the salmon brought to him. He knew more about the theatre business than about salmon. The fishermen soon found he would take blueback and steelheads so he soon had his theatre packed with salmon fishers. He hired a truck to take the fish to Kinney's but the Kinneys refused to take any of them for back in the early '80s, the fishermen threw the steelheads and bluebacks overboard as the canneries wouldn't take them.

"I fished on the Columbia and on the Nehalem for the canneries. The Columbia used to be full of huge sturgeon. When they got caught in our nets we chopped their heads off and threw them away. I have thrown away many a sturgeon weighing 200 to 400 pounds and 10 to 15 feet long.

"I was married on June 6, 1886 to Adella Loomis who was born in Clatsop Plains. I was 19 years old when I was married. I worked at carpenter work and salmon fishing in and about Astoria till 1890 when I came down to Cannon Beach and took up a claim. My wife died a few weeks ago. All of our five children are still living. My son George Edward Brallier is chief engineer on the dredge Clatsop. Gertrude who married Warren Osburne, lives in Oakland, Cal. Marguerite married Guy Braley and they live in Alaska not far from Kodiak Island. Loreta married Chester Buck. Their home is in San Diego. Norton is a contractor here at Cannon Beach.



FROM THE ASTORIA Daily Budget of Jan. 26, 1899 we learn that a bark came ashore on Cannon Beach at 10:00 a.m. just beyond the breakers. It was observed by Mr. O. I. Peterson and John Griffin at whose cottage the men were visiting. They noticed the ship in danger and watched all that day to give assistance to any persons who might be washed ashore. At 8:00 p.m. the ship began giving danger signals as fog rolled in and completely blotted it out from view of the men on shore. Mark Warren and George Rowe of Elk Creek Hotel joined the watch on the beach all that night. With early morning light the fog disappeared and the bark lifted anchor and slowly drifted off. The men on the beach were unable to identify the craft but later learned that the four masted bark with hull a lead color and red below the water line, was the British ship, *Iverna*, under sail with Captain Webster, 35 days out of Shanghai. The Capt. brought the ship into harbor at Astoria and told of his fears of being wrecked down the Coast and spending, "the worst night of his life!"



(Above) Main Street Cannon Beach, circa 1920? CCHS Auto buffs perhaps can recognize the many different models.

(Circle) Here's your Editor at sixteen months July, 1920, greeting you from the old board walk, Seaside, Oregon.



(Left) Mr. and Mrs. Edmund P. Noonan enjoy a sunny 1915 day at Seaside.



(Bottom) Looking toward the Depot from McGuire's barn after the Seaside fire of May 14, 1912.



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